

Crowded House

"Pour le Monde"

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He imagines the world
As the angels sending
Not the ghost of a man
Who is tied up to the chair

And he wants to believe
That his life has a meaning
With his hand on his heart
Pour le monde, pas pour la guerre
And I wake up blind
Like my dreams were too bright
And I lost my regard
For the good things that I had
And the radio was sad

When you listen for good
To find that nothing out there can touch you
Â'Cause the liars moved in
And they believe their own
Dark medicine

You act so nonchalant
That he is not a dog
Perform for you in the stadium
For the world, not for the war

And he tries to believe
Though it might lead to heartache
In the night ? indigo
Pour le monde, pas pour la guerre
Pour le monde, pas pour la guerre

When you listen for good
In the hope that comes to nothing
As the liars moved in
And they believe their own
Dark medicine

Believing it's good
Behind their jaded eyes
A dilemma

He's the best
You've ever had
He's so low
You never know
He's the best
You've ever had

He's the best
You've ever had
He's so low
You'll never know

Here we go

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